

Shake It Off Parody

Bart Baker

I have so much fame
I'm richer than Bruce Wayne
My life is so great, mmm-mmm
I just can't keep a a date, mmm-mmm
But it's not enough for me
To be queen of country
I need more love and acclaim, mmm-mmm cause I am insane

I'll make pop music that's trite, bland, and useless and use my dumb blonde cuteness to expand my fan base to a bigger size
Yes this song is really lame lame lame lame lame and this video's the same same same
A mess of cheerleading, twerking, and ballet
Make it stop! Make it stop!

Why does this scene look like a shitty Gap ad?
Why the hell am I dressed like an urban man?
I am clueless who I am am am am am
Turn it off! Turn it off!

I date a lot of guys.
And I'm always surprised.
When they break up with me, mmm-mmm
I'm lovely can't you see? (mmm-mmm)
But the sad truth is that (But the sad truth is that)
I am a psychopath (Am a psychopath)
If you do not love me, mmm-mmm
I'll chop off your testes

So just keep on hating and I'll keep on making songs that keep on stating that I don't care.

Which proves you care way too much.

I just want the whole wide world to love Tay Tay that's why I'm desperately trying to relate to every race by dressing up all these ways.
Make it stop! Make it stop!
I have absolutely no rhythm it's sad when I dance I look like a paralyzed rat, hypnotizing you with ass so you can't
Turn it off! Turn it off!

Hey hey hey!
You didn't think this god awful pandering sellout song and video could get any worse did you?
Well guess what?
Now you have to listen to me rap.

It's going according to plan
I'll have my revenge on the haters who hate
My new army of zombie fans will obey my commands
Kill my haters and the jerks I used to date!
Raaawrr!

Taylor don't you've gone insane sane sane sane sane
Your feeble attempt to halt me is in vain
Now behold the dawning of my wicked reign
Taylor stop! Taylor stop!

RAaaAAaawwrrrr!

I will damn you back to Hell Hell Hell Hell Hell

Go ahead that's where I dwell dwell dwell dwell dwell
There is nothing you can do to break my spell
Taylor stop! Taylor stop!

Ha ha ha ha ha ha!

To break your evil curse
RAaaAAaawwrrrr!
I'll send you somewhere worse
(You)
I Lord God now decree
RAaaAAaawwrrrr!
You got back to country!

Well well look who came crawling back to her country roots!
We don't tolerate around here Satanic country singer tries to go pop but the
y get banished back to country by the Lord.
No we don't.
This is where you belong girl. And you ain't never leaving.
Now play that country music devil woman.